VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1887. NUMBER 229.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

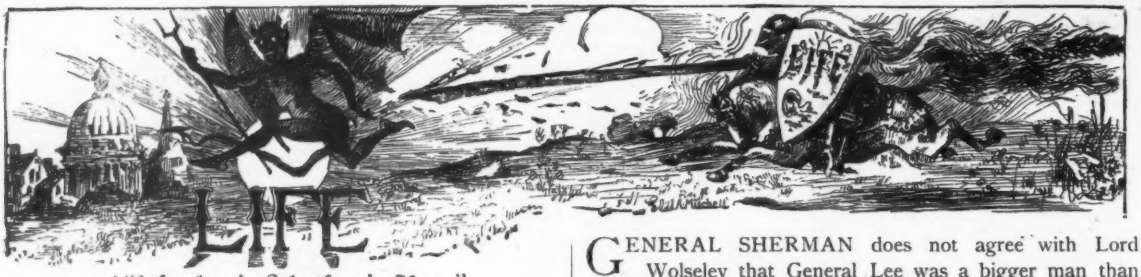
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy.

OUR ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Nicolas Van Hattan: AH, BUT THESE PEOPLE IN TRADE ARE PUSHING IN EVERYWHERE!

Mrs. R.: BUT SUPPOSE WE HAD NEVER COME HERE. YOU POOR LITTLE MANHATTAN FARMERS WOULD HAVE BEEN FEEDING YOUR PIGS AT THIS HOUR INSTEAD OF STRUTTING ABOUT OUR DRAWING-ROOMS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MAY 19, 1887. No. 229.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

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IT is not every day that we have royalty to visit us. The presence of the Queen of Hawaii at Washington has stirred the officers of the government to considerable efforts to provide for her entertainment. Her Majesty is neither so handsome nor so rich as many simple American ladies, but there is no question about her royalty. The absence of several American kings who are visiting England with Buffalo William's show is much regretted. It would have been pleasant to have had them here to show Queen Kapiolani around, but Her Majesty allows that the officers who have had her in charge have done so well by her that she hasn't missed her peers.

* * *

SHE is going to Europe from here, and will doubtless be in Paris in time to bid on the French crown jewels, which she can use in her business if she has enough confidence in its future to increase her plant. There is a good deal to discourage her from purchasing. It is true the Queen of England has a jubilee coming on, but where she has succeeded in keeping her seat how many have failed! The Bulgarians are teasing Alexander Battenberg to come back and boss them, but he won't; the Czar wishes that he was a plain man, with confidence in his own integrity. It hardly pays for anyone not in the show business to lock up very much capital in crowns.

* * *

THEY say the Queen of England has condemned Lord Tennyson's ode, and declines to have it sung at her jubilee. Her Majesty's faculties are wonderfully clear, considering her age and her trials with her offspring. She takes her poetry with the rhymes on, or not at all.

* * *

SIR EDWARD THORNTON is in this country to try and induce the State of Virginia to pay a fraction of its just debts. It is to be hoped that since Sir Edward's late experience in Turkey he takes disappointments easily. Blessed is the financier who expecteth little from the State of Virginia!

GENERAL SHERMAN does not agree with Lord Wolseley that General Lee was a bigger man than old Grant. Thomas he considers quite as great a general as Lee, and much fitter to compare with him than Grant. It is a pleasant spectacle to see Tecumseh get out his favorite weapon, and fire it at a Britisher. Mr. Jefferson Davis takes a shot at the same delinquent. It is some years since Mr. Davis and General Sherman have been able to use the same target.

* * *

THE RECURRENCE OF SHERIDAN.

A MILITARY DRAMA COMPLETE IN THREE ACTS.

Act I.

ANONYMOUS NEWSPAPER MAN: General Sheridan intends soon to take his annual ride through the Shenandoah Valley.

Act II.

GENERAL ROSSER: Sheridan is a bloodthirsty brute, who likes to revisit scenes of carnage and recall the misery he has caused. Boycott him!

Act III.

GENERAL SHERIDAN: I haven't been in the Shenandoah Valley but once since the war, and have no notion of going again. The trouble with Rosser is that he remembers the licking I gave him. Also, he is running for Congress. Tell his friends to put a plaster over his mouth.

* * *

THE City of Mexico's Associated Press correspondent turns up again with a gossipy story about Mlle. Bazaine and various gentlemen who have been trying to fight about her. The Spanish Minister to Mexico is the correspondent's beneficiary this time. She will have several warm sympathizers in the United States.

* * *

IT begins to look as if the Mayor and his myrmidons really meant to let the town go dry of a Sunday.

* * *

NEW YORK'S annual shows are a new feature of Metropolitan life. Beginning with the Horse Show in the fall, and including the various flower shows, the Dog Show, the Cattle Show, Mr. Barnum's Great Moral Show, and the Arion Ball, they form a singularly varied and instructive succession of spectacles. Whatever becomes of Madison Square Garden, it must continue to be a show-place.

* * *

WELL, Mr. Riddle, dear; Boston, though small and hide-bound, is a convenient place for many purposes, and it wouldn't have paid you to keep angry with her.

Coming out of Club at 3 a. m.: GAD! THAT SETTLESH IT. NO MORE ABSINTHE *this* SPRING.

WONDER WHAT SOBERED THAT DUDE SO SUDDEN!

"WANTED: A SITUATION."

IT is really most distressing
That, although my needs are pressing,
I cannot make the money that inferior fellows can;
Nor find an occupation
In this Philistinish nation,
Congenial to a college-bred and cultivated man.

My talents—they are many—
Do not bring me in a penny,
While the unenlightened vulgar go on heaping up their gains;
I can do so much that they can't,
But all "situations vacant"
Are reserved, as I discover, for the men of vacant brains.

I was noted when at college
For a very special knowledge
Of history, antiquities and numismatic lore—
But in Coinage early dated,
My interest has abated;
Some interest on our modern coins would benefit me more.

In the "ologies" and "isms,"
In all theologic schisms,
In the speculative systems of both old and modern thought,
I am versed, I may say, deeply,
But my "views" I'd part with cheaply,
Could I ascertain the market where that kind of thing is bought.

I am trying legal practice,
But the melancholy fact is
That, although I passed with honors when I took my law degree,
And did credit to my tutors,
I do not suit the suitors,
And my knowledge of fee-simple does not bring a simple fee.

The thought I sometimes harbor,
That to be a chatty barber,
Conductor on a surface car, or driver of a van—
To get a place as waiter,
Or run an elevator—
Are about the only chances for a cultivated man.

Arthur W. Gundry.

SEASONABLE STANZAS.

A MALARIALET.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be gay,
Greeting Spring with a shriek of hilaria!
Knowing well that in May
There's the Doctor to pay
For allaying his case of May-laria.

THE SPIRIT OF INERTIA.

SAYS Campbell: "Let us do, or die!"
— Most surely good advice to give —
But at this season of the year,
We much prefer to don't and live.

* * *

WE cannot help feeling dissatisfied with Voltaire for saying, "Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors."

How is a man going to get the chance to serve his country if he hasn't any ancestors? If Voltaire's spirit happens to hover in this neighborhood, he will greatly oblige us by an early answer.

* * *

DRYDEN says, "We derive all that is pardonable in us from ancient fountains."

Dryden must have heard about man's being nine-tenths water.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if negative gravity is positively ridiculous.

Any solution to this problem will be gratefully received at LIFE office.

* * *

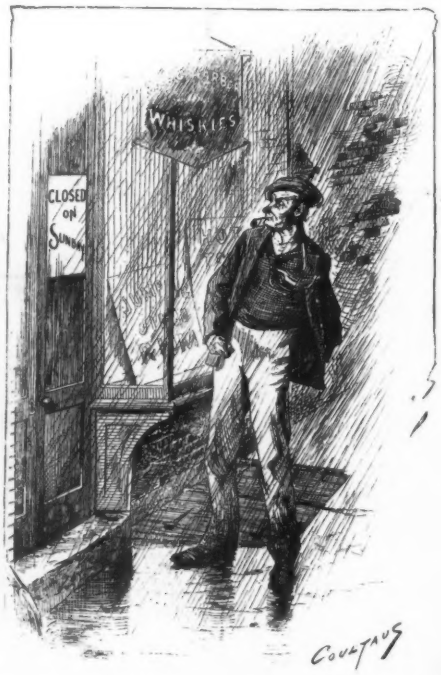
SPRING has come to stay. George Francis Train and the sparrows have reappeared in Madison Square.

* * *

TOM OCHILTREE asserts that if Roscoe Conkling would accept the Labor nomination for the Presidency he would sweep the country. We hope Mr. Conkling will accept. The country at this season of the year needs to be swept.

* * *

A MAN naturally feels put out when ejected from a theatre.



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE,
AND NOT ONE DROP FOR DRINK!"

JUDGING from recent athletic achievements, it seems as if we could look to Columbia for nothing but education. She plays very base-ball.

* * *

THE English earldom of Shrewsbury is still held by the heirmale of the original grantee.

The earldoms of Blue Point and Rockaway have been allowed to subside into innocuous desuetude.

* * *

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of prejudice. He said: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American."

Now, if Daniel had been born an American and lived an Irishman, he might have died an Englishman and still have been President of the United States.

* * *

WE are accustomed to hear of the Ship of State, but the number of railroad men in office would seem to warrant a change. The Palace Car of State would be more appropriate. Fisher Ames knew what he was talking about when he said America's bones are but car-tilages.

* * *

A BATTLE half lost is a battle half won — for the other fellow.

* * *

WHEN Lamb defined amusement as "a clear fire, a clean hearth and the rigor of the game," the game he referred to must have been Cricket on the Hearth.

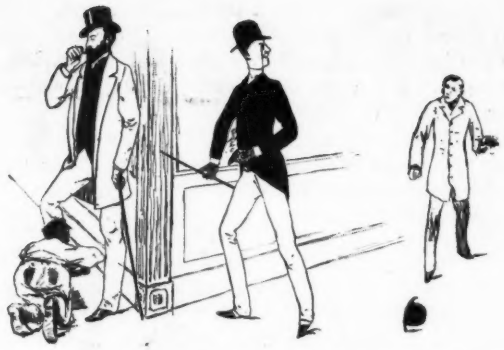
* * *

ROCHEFOUCAULD has shrewdly said: "Accidents sometimes happen from which a man cannot well extricate himself without a species of madness."

This is particularly true of such an accident as the loss of one's collar button under the bureau on a busy morning.

* * *

WHEN Barnum heard that among the Pope's Easter Gifts was an ivory egg, lined with quilted satin and inclosing a ruby and several diamonds, he cabled over to his representative in Rome to buy the hen at any price.



LET THE IDIOT CHASE HIS OWN HAT; IF HE HASN'T WIT ENOUGH TO KEEP IT ON HIS HEAD, HE HAD BETTER——

——!!

OXENFORD; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

ONCE upon a time there was an Ox who owned a large estate in the country. But his dearest possession was a son whom he had brought up in the strictest principles of morality, and free from all the contaminations of city life. When this son became of age he was a very great Calf indeed.

"My boy," said the father one day, "I must send you to New York to do a little business for me. Here is a letter of introduction to my friend, Dr. Bull."

The young one set out.

We must draw a veil over the transactions of the next few days. The experiences of a good and green young man, on first coming to the city, cannot be exposed to the public eye.

We will content ourselves by inserting the moral: A tree is known by the fruit it bears.

* * * * * * * *

In two months there was a breach of promise case brought by a burlesque actress, the old man was constantly receiving drafts for gambling debts, and finally the Innocent was packed off to Europe, to obtain a chance for reflection.

There is such a thing as too much goodness. A little wickedness is the salt that keeps us from spoiling through freshness.

HE LIKES IT.

I LOVE my neighbor's gracious wife;
I make no scruple of it:
No scripture says: Thou shalt not love!
It reads: Thou shalt not covet!
I do not covet, no, nor get,
A single thing he misses;
I simply love her, and to that
My right's as good as his is.

My neighbor's not the man to let
My feelings disconcert him:
He knows I love his wife, and that
My state of mind can't hurt him.
She sets no special store by me,
But doats upon my neighbor.
I think he rather likes to see
My pains reward my labor.

THE Mayor of New York and his Superintendent of Police are making a determined effort to shut off Gotham's Sunday grog. It is a righteous attempt, for what are statutes for if not to be enforced? But Summer is upon us and presently there will come a piping hot Sunday and then if the law is still working we shall look for a delegation to Albany and a suspension of the rules.

BOULANGER is a better name for a man of peace than for a minister of war.

A Butcher would be a more efficacious warrior than a baker.

MADEMOISELLE CÉLESTINE, OF CALAIS,
IS A BRILLIANT YOUNG GIRL DE BALLET.
WHEN A PERSON NAMED MOSES,
PRESENTED SOME ROSES,
SHE SNUBBED HIM, AND SAID, "O ALLEZ!"

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

AND when the summer comes again,
And the swallows northward fly—
And when in the shady wooded glen
The happy lovers sigh,
The time for winter's tasks to end
In ballrooms and in cloisters,
Why then, my optimistic friend,
You'll have to forswear oysters.

Pearce Bailey.

BOOKISHNESS

ANOTHER OF CRAWFORD'S ROMANCES.

IT is, perhaps, the chiefest merit of F. Marion Crawford that he always writes a story with interesting features, and sometimes of peculiar intensity. He distinctly belongs to the romantic school, and he has proved his title to a respectable place there by reason of his well-sustained inventions, with occasional touches of real imagination. There is at least one expatriated American novelist who is free from the vices of realism, though he undoubtedly is touched with some of the worst faults of romanticism.

* * *

IN his latest story, "Saracinesca" (Macmillans), he has again exhibited his almost fatal facility for reeling off page after page of fluent, and often picturesque English, which makes even his best stories diffuse, though never entirely tiresome.

Mr. Crawford's inventiveness is not shown in his characters, but in his situations and beautifully elaborated stage settings. From "Mr. Isaacs" to "Saracinesca" we have only met with three or four types of character. The hero is always superlatively handsome, rich beyond the dream of avarice—an ideal lover with all the qualities, mental and moral, which once belonged to the gods on high Olympus. The heroine is always radiant with beauty, and endowed with great intellectual force, which holds in check her wildest emotions except on certain rare and heart-breaking occasions when passion triumphs over will, and we are shown fine melodramatic effects with a very lurid background. The other stock characters in Mr. Crawford's repertoire are polished villains, male and female.

* * *

THIS quartet of good and evil appears in "Saracinesca," with its usual accompaniment of titles, palaces and gold without stint. All this is amusing enough, though one sees from the very beginning just how it will end. It is good old-time romance, and we are glad of it.

But, with the vast domain of fancy at his disposal, why does Mr. Crawford persist in giving us occasional glimpses of that peculiarly blasé strata of society in which the virtue of women is forever an object of suspicion, and the passions of men are always judged at their worst? You may gild this society with gold and adorn it with numberless jewels; you may picture the fine women and men in gorgeous palaces, but you have still been false to art, whether as realism or romance, when you have set up a morbid standard of morality as normal.

It is a pretty wicked world,—but after all, such as it is, it moves along, commercially and socially, on an abounding faith in the honor and virtue of men and women.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE STORY OF MARGARET KENT. By Henry Hayes. No. I. Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Fool of Quality; or, the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. By Henry Brooke. Introduction by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., and a Biographical Sketch by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Bayle's Romance. A Story of To-Day. Leisure Hour Series, No. 201. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A Woman in the Case. An Address. By Prof. Elliott Coues, M.D. Brentanos'.

Rural Hours. By Susan Fenimore Cooper. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Devil's Hat. A Sketch in Oil. By Melville Philips. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Mrs. Siddons. By Nina A. Kennard. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

How to Travel. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of Alexander's Empire. By Prof. John Pentland Mahaffy, D.D., with Collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. The Story of Nation's Series, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY APPROVES OF GENERAL LEE.

SCRAPS.

MRS. MALAPROP says *Harper's Magazine* is "Neat but not Godey."

* * *

IT is said that Andrew Lang wrote "Auld Lang Syne" and didn't sign it.

* * *

A NEW collection of readings from Lamb is entitled "Mutton Chops."

* * *

A PROPER headline for marriage notes would be Maritime Notes.

* * *

JUDGING from the Columbia College Ball Nine's scores 0 and 4, we are inclined to believe she is paying off some old scores.

* * *

WHAT the depositor wants to know is not that his money is all right, but that it's all left.

* * *

ACTORS and actresses are like lovers after quarreling. They are always kissing and making up.

POLYPHONIC.

Jack (backward in his grammar): PAPA, WHAT PART OF SPEECH IS WOMAN?

Papa (fresh from a verbal engagement with Mamma, in which, of course, he has been badly worsted): SHE ISN'T ANY PART OF SPEECH AT ALL, JACK; SHE IS THE WHOLE OF IT!

"SOY, TEDDY NOLAN, SEND US IN A RED-HOT ONE."

IT COMES!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

AN Anarchist who had just arrived in this country came and sat down under the Statue of Liberty.

"I have escaped the despots," he said, "but the world will not go well until all that now exists is destroyed."

"Would you destroy all things?" asked the Statue.

"Yes," he replied.

"But *I* exist," said the Statue, "and I am LIBERTY: me you can never destroy! Be quiet, or I will put my foot on you and send you down to the father of your theories."

And as the Anarchist went away he thought the American girl was too big for him to fool with.

EDUCATION IS A GREAT THING.

"I SEE that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?" asked a young Lewiston wife of her better half.

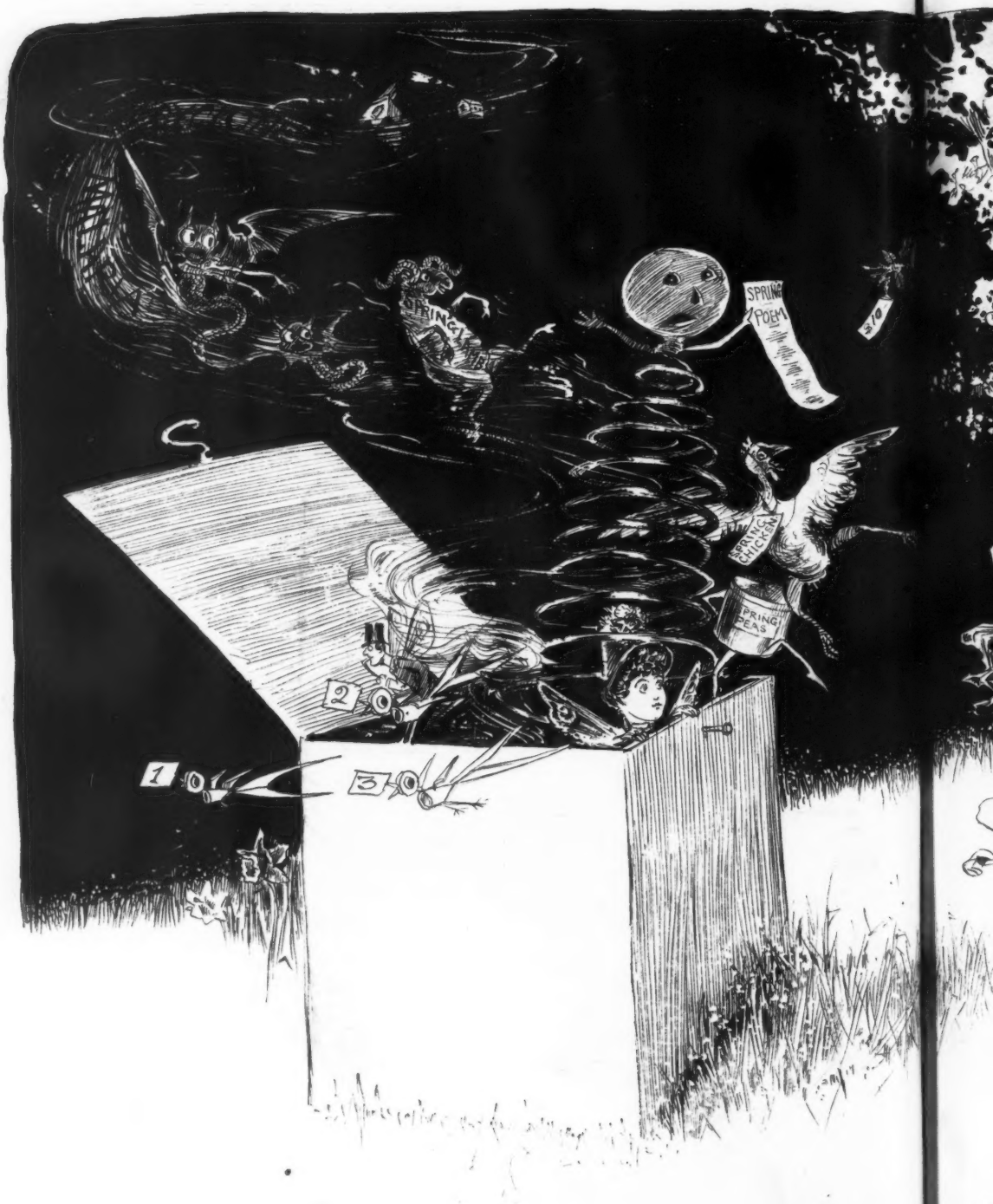
"A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state, verbally, his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing."

"Thanks, darling; and you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?"

He said he wouldn't.

SHAKESPEARE once cried, "Oh, I could hew up Rocks and fight with Flint!"

We don't know much about Flint, but we would like to see a man who can hew up rocks stand up before Professor Sullivan.



PANDORA'S SPING

SPRING OPENING.

IT has been said of the New York Baseball Nine that they are of uniform excellence, and they are. It is chiefly in the matter of uniform that they excel. It may be doubted if any other team look as pretty as the Giants do when they stand at their various stations in the field, but when it comes to ball, the Giants are not there. They play a game in which there are bases, bats and balls, but in that game on which the fate of the pennant rests, they are not proficient.

It is quite an interesting question whether beauty interferes with one's proficiency in sport or other professional walks in life. If the New Yorks claim that because they are things of beauty and a joy forever, there is no reason why they should try to win the championship, we cannot see why they do not move in a higher society as professional beauties. If they attend at the ball-grounds for the sole purpose of being looked at, they waste a great deal of valuable time; not their own, unfortunately, but that of those gifted mortals who know ball when they see it, and are disposed to grow clamorous when they pay to see it and don't.

These remarks are chiefly brought out by the generous way in which the Giants handed over countless bases to the Nine from Washington, last week. These latter gentlemen have modestly hugged the rear end of the race up to date, feeling, perhaps, that a club composed of men, no one of whom was worth more than two thousand a year, had no right to trouble other clubs in which there abounded millionaire pitchers, ten thousand dollar batters, and seventy-five dollar mascottes. It may be that New York wished to reward this modesty; if so, we sincerely trust the Giants will quickly learn that Virtue is its own reward, and that until Virtue officially joins the league the members of the league had best stick to ball.

* * *

WE recommend the New Yorks to cast their eyes toward Philadelphia if they wish to see to what heights baseball can rise when it is played by artists. Nines representing Mr. Nat Goodwin and Mr. Augustin Daly recently met in the Quaker City, and Little Jack Shepard laid out the Tamers of the Shrew, 18 to 5. Up to the hour of going to press, the full details of the match and the make-up of the nines had not reached us. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. Drew proved himself as heavy a batter as he is clever an actor, and if Mr. Skinner slid to his bases as gracefully as he treads the boards, it is doubtful if the Goodwin nine stole the hearts of the spectators as easily as they stole runs.

We have it from an eye-witness, that however well the Goodwin people play ball, the Daly nine are still the champion exponents of Shakespeare and German comedy.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a companion game to that of Progressive Lincoln, recently described in these columns. It is called "Chinkopins." It is not played on a bowling alley, as its name would seem to suggest, but is of a much higher and, we might say, literary order. An English almanac, of a date not later than 1850, is laid on the table, and the players, who may be of an unlimited number, seat themselves around, with pad and pencil in hand. With these tools they copy the witticisms found in the almanac, until each player has a dozen different jokes on his pad. These are mailed by their respective copyists to the editor of *Harper's Drawer*, who retains and publishes such as strike his fancy, returning the others, provided a stamped and directed envelope is enclosed with the jokes when sent. Whoever gets the greatest number of old jokes in the one volume of the magazine takes the prize.

The popularity of this game in certain circles probably accounts for the reappearance of one or two old friends in a recent issue of our Franklin Square contemporary.

* * *

THERE was a cattle show in progress at the Madison Square Garden last week, at which several fine specimens of lowing kine were to be inspected.

A visit to the exhibition was saddening, because there was no perceptible increase in the accomplishments of the cow over those last year's specimens. The breeds of dogs, horses, and even hens are improved every year, and it seems strange that the inventive genius which is supposed to be rife in this country is so backward respecting the cow. The Jersey cattle give good enough milk, but what man wants is a milk-punch cow for Sunday use. The cow that will stand on its rights and refuse to supply the market with cream that is nine-tenths chalk and one-tenth milk, is still to be invented. The cow that will keep a memorandum as to how many small boys have milked her in the pasture during the day is still a cow of the future, and the heifer that will dance better than Dixey has yet to grow its hind legs.

Why this should be, we cannot tell; but we can shake our heads sadly and weep that this melancholy state of affairs should exist.

Carlyle Smith.

LITERARY NOTES.

MRS. J. ELLIOT CABOL'S authorized "Life of Emerson" is said to successfully refute the charge that the Concord Philosopher ate pie for breakfast.

* * *

A NEW novel by Anna Katharine Green is entitled "7 to 12." It is a brief resume of the recent New York-Washington Baseball game.

* * *

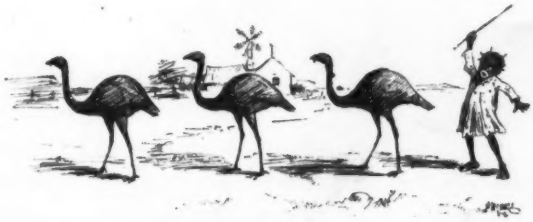
MARK TWAIN'S article on "English as She is Taught" was so successful that he may write a few more answers for the *Century*.

* * *

A POSTAL card received from M. Jean de Peiffer, publisher of that excellent periodical, *Le Francais*, gives notice that "*Le Francais* ne parraissant pas pendant les mois de Juin, Juillet, et Aout, le numero de Mai ne sera envoyé que de 15 courant."

We congratulate M. Jean. It is not often that a strange journal in a foreign land succeeds in avoiding this business of parraissanting during the mois de Juin, Juillet and Aout, and we wish M. le Redacteur a most happy vacance.

DRIVING THE DROMEDARIES IN AFRICA.



DRIVING THE TURKEYS IN AMERICA.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF DETROIT

BUT—

I GROPE and stumble down life's way,
No guardian angel guides;
But in her place a fearful fay
In nooks and corners hides.
She trips me up with savage glee,
And leaves me in the rut;
I'm sure she'll be the death of me,
This cruel kill-joy — but!

As the coming author, I would write
The novel and the play;
And both had surely scaled the height,
Had "but" not barred the way!
I asked my love to marry me,
(Of offers she'd a glut!)
She thanked me thrice most cordially,
Felt highly honored — but —

My brain with golden visions teems,
A virgin mine of gold!
To-day, the choicest of my schemes
To Moneybags I told.
Of all the roads to wealth he knew,
Mine was the shortest cut:
He meant to join the favored few.
To-day! — to-morrow! — but —

I entered the official race,
And risked the party smut;
My friends were sure I won the place;
The vote was counted — but —
Since with this fiend I cannot cope,
Life's book I mean to shut;
I would use poison, pistol, rope;
Or try the water — but —

Fannie Windsor.

IT was Coleridge who remarked that to see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

Kean must have acted like thunder.

A SALT AND BATTERY.

Rev. Mr. ——: MY DEAR, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS PRETTY PARROT TO CHEER YOUR HOURS WHEN I AM AWAY. HE CAN'T TALK YET, BUT WE'LL SOON TEACH HIM; WON'T WE, PRETTY POLLY?

Pretty Polly: NOT BY A —— SIGHT!

REFERRED TO THE PROPER DEPARTMENT.

NIGHT EDITOR: Which is the most advanced college—Harvard or Yale?

LITERARY EDITOR: I'm sure I don't know. You'd better ask the Sporting Editor. He keeps track of the records.

NIGHT EDITOR: The records?

LITERARY EDITOR: Certainly. I believe they're about even on boat-races, but I think Yale is a bit in the lead on foot-ball. Still, I may be mistaken. The Sporting Editor will know all about it, though.

SHE WAS MERCIFUL.

"JOHN, I wish you'd get me a rawhide or a shingle. I want to spank Willie," quoth a St. Louis matron.

"Why not use my slipper, Mary?"

"Oh, I only want to spank him; I don't want to crush him."

GASTRONOMICAL.

She: I LIKE THIS PLACE IMMENSELY SINCE THEY HAVE THE NEW FRENCH *Chef*.

He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault): WAITAH, BRING *Chef* FOR TWO!

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

AUTHOR: Have you read my tragedy yet?

MANAGER: Yes.

AUTHOR: What do you think of it?

MANAGER: Not what the public wants at all.

AUTHOR: But could not some changes be made that would make it take?

MANAGER: Yes, that might be done.

AUTHOR: Well, tell me what it needs.

MANAGER: Well, let me see. You ought to introduce a song and dance in the first act where the villain swears vengeance, and the hero ought to sing a topical song right after his love scene. In the third act, where the heroine takes poison, the curtain should go down on an Amazon march. Then run in a transformation scene, and I'll try it.

FO.

A young girl of St. Louis, Mo.,
As lovely and sweet as a ho.,
Was mortified seau,
At not having a beau,
That she strung herself up in a bro.

AT THE BALL.

"AH! good evening, Miss Brown. Is your card full?

"No, Mr. Smythe, but my escort is, and if you would kindly take me home I would be *so* much obliged."

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

I.

A MAN
In love,
A maid
Above.

II.

He twangs
Guitar,
And wooes
His star.

III.

A man
Enraged,
A dog
Uncaged.

IV.

A grip,
A groan,
A dog
Alone.

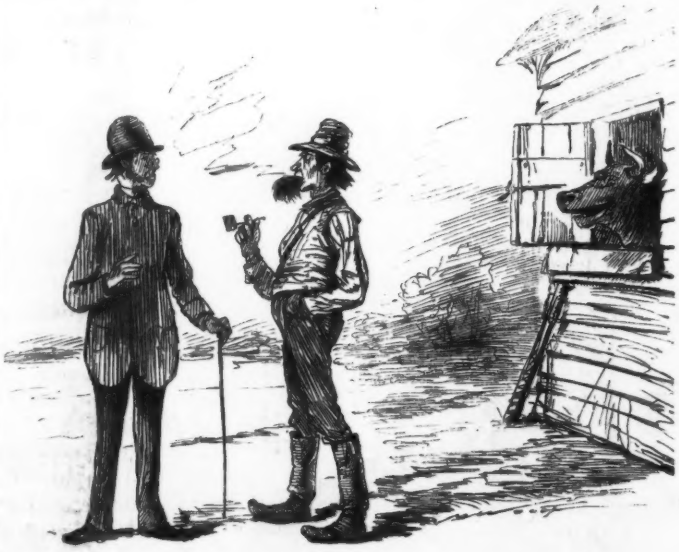
A LITERARY CAREER.

"THERE goes that clever Mrs. Featherleigh, she makes a fortune every year from her pen."

"Indeed! I never saw any of her productions."

"Never saw them! why she wrote a letter commending 'Parian Powder for the Complexion,' that has been reproduced in fac-simile on every box sold. She received a thousand dollars for it."

AN appropriate inscription for a Waterbury Watch: "One good turn deserves another."



Farmer: I NEVER HAD NO COMPLAINTS ABOUT MY MILK AFORE, AN' I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT SHOULD APPEAR THINNER'N USUAL; I SEND IT DIRECT FROM THE COW TO YOUR HOUSE, AN' ——

(It was at this point that a loud laugh was heard.)

AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

IN a small town out West an ex-county judge is cashier of the bank. "The check is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."—*N. Y. Sun.*

AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

"IT was terrible," remarked Herr Most to a brother nuisance, "to be deprived of my liberty and confined behind bars of iron."

"It might have been worse, John. What if those bars of iron had been bars of soap?"

Herr Most shuddered.—*Ex.*

A TREAT FOR JOHN.

"I HAVE a bit of good news for you, John," said a fond young wife.

"Yes?" remarked John, expectantly.

"Yes. You remember that two weeks ago hot-house grapes were quoted at $8 a pound. Well, I bought some to-day for $6!"—*Ex.*

ABDUL HAMED, present Sultan of Turkey, is rapidly adopting the ways of Western civilization. He recently ordered a census of his wives and finds that he has 484.—*Omaha World.*

MANY GROWN PEOPLE PREFER IT.

LITTLE TOMMY: Can I eat another piece of pie?
MAMMA (*who is something of a purist*): I suppose you can.
TOMMY: Well, may I?
MAMMA: No, dear, you may not.
TOMMY: Darn grammar, anyway.—*Ex.*

THE example of such men as the late Alexander Mitchell and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Scotchmen both, is worth to the young its weight in gold.—*New York Journal.* As one of them has died and the other has got married, it is doubtful which example the *Journal* would advise "the young" to follow.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THERE is a story going about town of an odd conception of dissipation on the part of a group of student Japanese which ought to be printed as a contribution to the literature of social ethics. There were three or four young Japanese students, the story goes, who were in the habit of dining on Sunday at a Back Bay residence. One of the party was a young man of high rank and great dignity, and when, one Sunday, he was missing from the table, the host asked with some solicitude the cause of his absence. "Oh, he cannot come," said the spokesman of the party, shaking his head sadly, "he very dissipated — he very dissipated!" The host thought it best not to make any further inquiry at the time, but after the meal he ventured to asked the same young man, in private — "You say Mr. Nim Shi is not well?" "No; he not well – he very dissipated." "Bless me! He hasn't — eh — been drinking?" "Oh no, no! He no drink." "Not gambling, eh?" "No, no! He no gamble." "May I ask you what he has been doing, then?" "Oh, he very dissipated. He eat spongee cake allee time — he all broke up now."— *Boston Transcript.*

"I know Washington was a great Injun fighter," said little Tommy, "because he cut down his father's Cherokee."—*Texas Siftings.*

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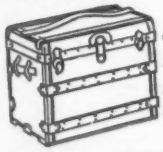

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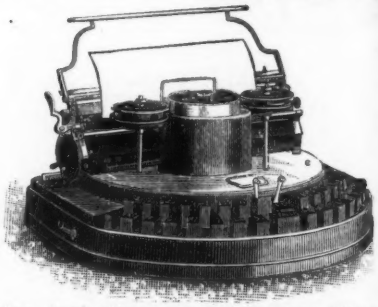

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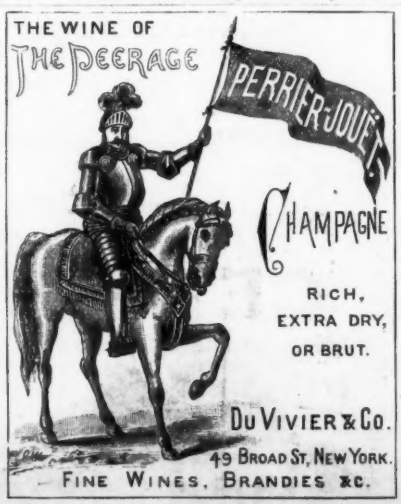

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